

## (i want you to) eat me alive

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29647932) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29647932>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hand &amp; Finger Kink</a> , <a href="#">Size Difference</a> , <a href="#">Size Kink</a> , <a href="#">Oral Fixation</a> , <a href="#">Pet Names</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">yep</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Choking</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Top Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Safe Sane and Consensual</a> , <a href="#">Enthusiastic Consent</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-23 Words: 2751

## (i want you to) eat me alive

by [timelimez](#)

### Summary

“What were you looking at, then?” He asked, voice softening a little bit as he reached up to ruffle George’s hair.

“I was looking at your hands,” George mumbled, face heating with embarrassment.

“My hands?” Dream laughed, the sound rumbling his chest. “What are you, a Twitter simp?” He teased.

“Shut up,” George whined, turning to hide his face in Dream’s shoulder.

### Notes

wake up babe new dream hand pics dropped

this fic started out as just hand centric but i completely delved into new stuff so.... yeah! woo!

usual stuff: please do not repost my works or share with ccs mentioned. if dream or george state they're uncomfortable with fanfic this work will be taken down

WARNING: THIS FIC IS NOT A GUIDE ON CHOKING DURING SEX. choking is something that can be very dangerous if it's not done correctly, so it's very important to do your research and get extremely explicit consent before engaging in it. although i did do

research, i do not consider myself an expert on it, so please don't use anything i wrote in this fic as a guide. consent is also very very VERY important if you're looking to choke your partner, which i tried to make very clear here. stay safe!

twitter: timelimez

title: your love (déjà vu) - glass animals

enjoy! <3

“Did I mess up a line or something?”

Dream’s voice snapped George out of the trance he’d been in. It was late on a Wednesday night, the lights in their bedroom dimmed to ease their eyes as the pair snuggled up on their shared bed. Dream was on his laptop, working on coding a project he’d started the other day.

“Huh?” George blinked, confused.

“You’re staring at my screen. Did I write something wrong?” Dream asked.

“Oh. No, uh, I wasn’t looking at your screen,” George said quietly, nuzzling his cheek against Dream’s warm shoulder. His boyfriend chuckled, leaning his head against George’s for a moment.

“What were you looking at, then?” He asked, voice softening a little bit as he reached up to ruffle George’s hair.

“I was looking at your hands,” George mumbled, face heating with embarrassment.

“My hands?” Dream laughed, the sound rumbling his chest. “What are you, a Twitter simp?” He teased.

“Shut up,” George whined, turning to hide his face in Dream’s shoulder.

Dream just laughed again, going back to typing. George shifted his head again, hugging Dream’s upper arm as he watched his hands work.

“What’s so special about my hands?” Dream asked after a moment, going back to typing. George watched with glassy eyes, snuggling up impossibly closer.

“They’re big,” He muttered, letting one of his own pale hands trail down to rest on top of Dream’s. “And nice,”

Dream chuckled under his breath, turning his hand over to lace their fingers together. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” George nodded, squeezing Dream’s hand and craning his neck up to press a kiss to his jaw.

“You’re cute.” Dream told him, sensing his boyfriend’s need for attention and saving his work before closing his laptop and setting it on the nightstand.

Pleased, George swung a leg over Dream’s hips, shifting to look him in the eyes. “Way bigger than mine,” He continued, bringing their joined hands in front of his face to admire. Unable to help

himself, he leaned down, letting his eyes flutter shut as he pressed light kisses along the veins on his boyfriend's hand.

"Just watching me type got you this wound up?" Dream asked teasingly, free hand carding gently through George's hair before settling to cup his cheek.

George let out a soft whine, leaning into the comfort. "Is that okay?" He asked meekly, letting their hands fall.

"Course it's okay," Dream smiled, letting his thumb rub George's cheek a little. "I just thought you'd be tired. It's getting kind of late."

George only shrugged a little, turning his head to take Dream's thumb into his mouth, closing his eyes again as he sucked.

Dream watched him carefully, George's eyebrows knitting together as he let out a soft noise.

"Why don't you put that pretty mouth of yours to better use, hm?" He asked, pulling his thumb out of George's mouth with a pop. His boyfriend chased after it, pouting.

"C'mon, honey," Dream cooed, smirking as George slid down between his legs, eagerly mouthing over his clothed cock.

George let out a muffled whimper as he appreciated the sheer size of his boyfriend's dick with his mouth. The fabric of his sweatpants was starting to get wet with George's spit.

"Go on, George. I know you want to taste."

Unable to disagree with that, George reached up to eagerly tug Dream's sweats and boxers down to his mid thighs. He gaped at the sight of his boyfriend's cock; no matter how many times he'd seen it, it always made his mouth water. It was long and thick, even when it wasn't fully hard, and George fucking *loved* it.

He leaned forward, pressing wet, reverent kisses up the underside of his cock. Dream groaned above him, tangling big fingers in George's short hair. George moaned softly as he took the head of Dream's cock into his mouth, letting his eyes fall shut as he suckled earnestly.

"Good boy," Dream praised, petting George's hair. George moaned quietly at the praise, sending a vibration through Dream's cock. The taller man let out another groan.

"Fuck, that's good. You like having something in your mouth, don't you, baby?" George could only nod, looking up at Dream with big, pleading eyes as he slowly started sinking his mouth down further on Dream's rapidly filling cock.

"You should see yourself, pup," He started, gripping George's hair tightly as he opened his mouth as far as he could. "So pretty for me."

George whined, the noise hitching as Dream's cock bumped against the back of his throat. Eyes watering, he leaned down even farther, until neatly trimmed blond hairs tickled his nose, mouth stuffed completely full. He forced himself to stay there for a moment before having to pull back to breathe, and thankfully Dream let him, releasing his tight hold in favor of petting his hair gently.

Determined, George took Dream's cock back into his mouth, savoring the salty taste of pre-come on his tongue as he sucked at the head.

“My pretty little slut,” Dream breathed out, causing George to whimper. “You love sucking my cock, don’t you?”

George closed his eyes as he sank down on Dream’s cock once more, tongue running over the vein on the underside, pretty pink lips stretched sinfully wide. He moaned softly in confirmation.

“My good boy. All mine.”

George made a strangled little noise, reaching up to grab one of Dream’s hands and guide it to his cheek as he bobbed his head. Dream let him, cupping George’s cheek and smirking as George laid his own delicate hand over his.

“Bet you want me to finger you, huh? Since you like my hands so much,” He purred, voice low.

George pulled off of Dream’s cock to nod, desperately crawling up Dream’s body to give him a sloppy kiss. “Please,” George said breathlessly, voice raw.

Dream chuckled, letting a hand run down to grip George’s thin waist through his soft t-shirt. “You can ask better than that, sweetheart.” George whined, biting his lip as he pressed his face into Dream’s shoulder.

“Please, Daddy, I need it,” He whimpered, lifting his head and looking up at Dream with big, pleading eyes.

Dream raised an eyebrow, smirk spreading across his face. “Yeah?” He watched with delight as George’s face flushed, seemingly realizing what he’d said.

“I mean, um. Um.” George sputtered, looking away quickly.

“You can call me that if you want, baby. You want Daddy to take care of you, open you up?” Dream murmured, letting his voice drop lower as he trailed his hand down to squeeze George’s ass.

George nodded, whining, as he buried his face in the crook of Dream’s neck.

“Words, honey.”

“Yes please, Daddy,” George whispered.

“There’s my good boy,” Dream praised, reaching over to grab the bottle of lube. “Hands and knees. And take your clothes off.” He ordered.

George obeyed quickly, scrambling to peel his oversized t-shirt and boxers off before getting on his hands and knees, waiting impatiently.

“Such a good boy. You’re eager tonight, aren’t you? Got all excited just from looking at my hands.” Dream hummed, settling behind him and gliding a big, strong hand down George’s back. He shuddered.

“I did, your hands are so - need them in me, please,” George begged, wiggling his hips. He whined at the loss as Dream stopped touching him, disappointment immediately replaced with excitement as he heard the bottle of lube open.

“Look at you, being so good for me,” Dream muttered, his clean hand sliding up George’s neck. George writhed, letting out a moan as Dream finally pressed a warm, thick finger into his hole.

“Color?” Dream asked softly, keeping still to let George adjust.

“Green,” George whispered, reaching up to take the hand on his neck and guide it to his face. He licked down the biggest vein running down the center, whimpering before taking two of Dream’s fingers into his mouth.

“Fuck, look at you, always have to have something in your mouth, don’t you?” Dream purred, starting to slowly pump his finger.

George nodded, sucking desperately on the fingers in his mouth.

“Dirty little slut.” Dream snapped, curling his finger against his prostate. George could only moan around the fingers, squirming and pushing his hips back. He cried out as Dream abruptly pressed a second finger into him, giving him no time to adjust before starting to pump them quickly.

“Look at you, I bet I can make you come on just my fingers.”

George felt tears pricking at his eyes again, and he blinked harshly. Dream’s fingers were so long, so thick, they stretched him out perfectly. He swirled his tongue around the fingers in his mouth, moaning softly as he sucked. His cock was dripping onto the sheets, aching to be touched.

“Yeah? You like that?” Dream chuckled, starting to scissor his fingers expertly in George’s hole.

George nodded, sucking harshly on his fingers. He was trembling, unable to stop the noises from spilling out of him.

“I can tell you’re close, honey,” Dream purred, leaning down to kiss George’s shoulder as he fingered him. “Show me what a good boy you are. Come for me.”

George cried, bucking his hips back as Dream relentlessly pressed against his prostate. It only took a few more thrusts before he was coming, clenching down around Dream’s fingers in his ass as his cock spilled onto the sheets.

“My good little slut. So pretty for me, baby, you’re so pretty.” Dream praised, carefully removing his fingers from George’s hole and mouth.

George was panting, reaching up to weakly rub the tears away from his eyes.

“You wanna be done now, George?” Dream asked softly, wiping the spit off of his fingers to brush some of George’s hair off of his forehead.

George shook his head, turning his head over his shoulder to look up at Dream with big eyes. “Will you fuck me? Please, Daddy?” He asked, voice cracking.

“Fuck...” Dream leaned forward to press their lips together, licking possessively into George’s mouth. George melted into it, letting out a muffled whimper as Dream reached down to slick up his cock with the lube already on his hand.

“You want me to fuck you, baby boy? Pound you so hard you can’t walk tomorrow?” He murmured.

“*Please*, Daddy, need it so bad, need your cock in me,” He cried, squirming and trying to push his hips back against Dream’s. Dream chuckled, letting his clean hand run down to George’s pale neck. George’s breath caught in his throat as he went quiet, silently willing Dream to *squeeze*.

“That’s all I have to do to get you to be quiet, huh?” He laughed, pulling back to kneel behind George, keeping his hand just lightly resting on his neck. George let out a weak little whine.

“Such a little whore you can’t even get off without me hurting you. You’re filthy.” Dream spat, guiding his cock to George’s hole.

A few more tears slipped down George’s cheeks. “‘M sorry Daddy,” He mumbled, leaning down to hide his face in a pillow.

“None of that,” Dream scolded, using his hold on George’s neck to bring his head up. “I want to hear every little noise you make, slut.” Startled, George could only nod.

One last little squeeze to his neck, and then Dream was pressing into him, his thick cock stretching George open and filling him up. Trembling, George cried softly, wanting so badly to hide his face in a pillow.

When Dream bottomed out, George felt like he was going to split in half in the best way possible. Dream brought his free hand to George’s waist, resting there gently and giving him a little squeeze.

“You okay?” He breathed out, voice soft as he pressed a kiss to George’s shoulder. George nodded weakly, eyes fluttering shut.

“Yes, Daddy, please move,” He whispered.

“Good boy.” Dream praised, and wasted no time in starting up a quick, harsh pace. His hips snapped against the pale softness of George’s ass, angling his thrusts until he was nailing George’s prostate head on.

George sobbed, his whole body moving with the force of Dream’s hips against his own. “Daddy! Daddy, please, feels so good,” He hiccupped, resisting the urge to reach down and touch himself. He had to be good.

“Yeah? You like me using you as a little cocksleeve, baby?” Dream growled, digging his nails into George’s hip.

George nodded deliriously, rocking himself back into Dream’s thrusts.

“Dream, *Daddy*, choke me, please,” He pleaded, and how could Dream say no to that?

Gripping his neck with enough force to control him but not enough to cut off air flow, Dream tugged George up onto his knees, pressing his back to Dream’s chest and continuing his harsh thrusting. George whimpered, tipping his head back against Dream’s shoulder.

“Tap to stop, ‘member?” Dream asked, voice softening as he kissed George’s cheek gently.

George nodded, letting his eyes fall shut. “Got it,” He confirmed, voice completely clear.

Dream resumed his thrusting, slowly starting to squeeze the sides of George’s neck. George keened, tears streaming down his cheeks as he moaned weakly.

“You like it when I’m in control, huh? Like being my little toy to fuck whenever I want, completely at my mercy?” Dream sneered, releasing the pressure on George’s neck to let him draw in a few deep breaths.

George just nodded, chest heaving as he cried. “Yes, Daddy, love it so much,” He let a hand slide down to rest over Dream’s hand on his hip. The size difference between even just their hands had him reeling.

Dream hummed, kissing George’s cheek again as he sped up his thrusts. “You should see how pretty you look, baby. So fucking needy.” George let out a sob as Dream went to grasp his neck once more.

“Gonna come again,” George rasped, squeezing Dream’s hand that was on his hip. “Need you, please Dream,”

Dream groaned, squeezing the arteries on the sides of George’s pale throat lightly, not enough to hurt or cut off complete air flow.

George only whined, reaching up to guide the hand on his neck into his mouth, where he sucked on Dream’s fingers like his life depended on it.

Dream reached the hand on George’s hip around to stroke his oversensitive cock, and then George was coming, clenching around Dream’s cock and moaning desperately around his fingers.

Dream was a split second behind him, dipping his head to bite harshly into George’s shoulder as he filled him up with his come.

George was carefully laid down on the bed, throat feeling raw and entire body feeling over sensitive as Dream kissed his forehead.

“I’m gonna get some water, okay? Just a sec,” Dream said softly. George just hummed quietly, eyes falling shut.

A warm washcloth gently wiped George clean of the mess on his thighs and stomach, and then Dream’s strong arms were guiding him to lean back against a mountain of soft pillows.

“Can you drink some water for me, honey?” He asked, guiding the glass of water to George’s lips.

Gratefully, George downed the water, soothing his throat and the dryness in his mouth. Dream then opened his hand to offer him some painkillers, which George took too, knowing how sore he’d be in a few hours if he didn’t.

“Did I go too hard? Does anything hurt?” Dream asked softly, settling down next to George and taking one of his hands carefully.

George smiled gratefully, squeezing Dream’s hand. “M okay,” He mumbled, “just tired.”

Dream leaned forward to kiss his forehead. “Good. I’m glad you liked that.”

George let out a soft little laugh. “I *really* liked that,”

“I could tell,” Dream laughed too, wrapping his arms around George and cuddling up close to him. “You’re not a slut, by the way. And I don’t actually think you’re just a sex toy for me to use or any shit like that.” He reminded him, voice growing impossibly softer.

George shook his head a little, though his chest started feeling warm. “I know. You don’t have to say that every time, Dream,”

“But I want to make sure you know that. You’re the most precious thing in the world to me.”

George huffed, pressing his face into Dream's chest and wrapping his arms around his waist.  
"Yeah, yeah, love you too," He mumbled.

Dream smiled, kissing the top of George's head before tucking his head under his chin and closing his eyes. "Simp," He muttered.

"Shut up."

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